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JAMES G. BLAINE

R. H. Raymond,
New Bedford,
Mass.

6/23/93

R. H. Raymond
New Bedford
Mass.

6/23/93

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

UPON THE LATE

JAMES G. BLAINE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

AND INVITED GUESTS

ON FEBRUARY 23, 1893,

BY THE

HON. WILLIAM E. BARRETT,

IN RESPONSE TO AN INVITATION
OF THE HOUSE

BOSTON:
1893.

1735

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MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

MR. SPEAKER: — This crowded hall, these suspended legislative duties, this atmosphere of respect accompanying the consideration of resolutions to the memory of our late most illustrious private citizen, — are themselves the token of how fitting the exercises of this hour may be.

The history of generations often clusters about a single name. Great movements of thought and action, in field and forum, are identified with an individual. That one is the fitting centre about which to focus the understanding of popular movements. One Cromwell, one Washington, one Jackson, one Lincoln, represents in the concrete to us a great army of men, whose aggregate action and its results are personified in him.

Time, with its mellowing touches, shall place in their true perspective those who have led in the tremendous scenes of the generation now almost gone. Such a panorama the world never saw as the development of this nation during the past forty years. A great people has written in lasting characters the long questioned truth that republics may survive all assaults. In all the pageant of those who have been leaders in this mighty train one name will live. Upon the new-made grave which it will mark we lay to-day our tribute.

In all America what fairer spot exists than along the 40th parallel, over which range our broadest and fairest

fields, and beneath which lie our most prized mineral treasures? Here heaven and earth unite under propitious skies to welcome man to favorable, but not enervating, conditions.

Along that line where climatic extremes merge have also met in mixture of kin and interest those two great strains of Anglo-Saxon blood which have borne in this land a long succession of struggles for supremacy, resulting, we believe, after the death grapple of the civil war, in those closer relations which now promise the final restoration of true national feeling, long delayed by unworthy institutions and false beliefs.

In all this border land, no fairer spot was ever known than that which lies within the guarded valleys of the Monongahela, for whose possession the first battle was fought in the great struggle between the Titans of Europe for the control of the continent. Here, in magnificent foresight, Washington declared that the fate of the future must be settled, and here he struck his own first blow in the drama which demonstrated that English blood and institutions should possess the new world.

Into this region, after the revolution, came many a veteran to settle and acquire lands. Among them was the commissary general of the continental army, Ephraim Blaine. He was a soldier, but more; he was a large-minded man of affairs, rich for his day, travelled, a man of importance. Dying, he left his estate to a son, his namesake, well nurtured, a man of no mean parts, but too liberal to retain the fortune which he had inherited. He was intended for public life, but the Scotch thrift of the family did not cling to him, and at middle age he

was beginning to feel that with the scattering of the ancestral acres he must have recourse to employment. He was made prothonotary, and moved to the county seat. This was in 1843, and James G. Blaine, his son, was then thirteen years of age.

Named for his grandparents on either side, he had an unusual environment. The family was a cultivated one. Reduced in circumstances, perhaps, but not in pride and standing, his parents ranked among the first of their surrounding.

As has been said, this border land was sought by people of all connections of birth, social condition and religion. None of the prejudices existed then that a half-century ago were noticeable with us. The father of Blaine was a Presbyterian, his mother, of equally good blood, a Roman Catholic. They disagreed in religion, and were at one in everything else. Seeing perhaps the greater opportunity that would come to them, the mother consented that the sons should be reared in the father's faith, and he that the daughters should follow in her footsteps. From boyhood through life Mr. Blaine was a Protestant of the sternest sect, in all his mature years a communicant of the church with which he naturally allied himself. The fact that his mother and many of his kin were Roman Catholics induced opponents often, by charge, insinuation and suggestion, to endeavor to involve him in theological dispute. It was in vain. Steadfast to his own tenets, he refused to discuss church antagonisms as having any relation to politics. Least of all would he consent to utter a word which would by implication disparage a communion which had been to a devoted mother a steady light of

peace. That natural chivalry, which from a boy never deserted him, knew no bounds. It was as sweet to the dead as to the living.

So the boy grew up, self-reliant, forceful, ambitious, jealous of his name, not poor, not rich. He had an educated father, a mother whose virtues are not yet forgotten where she lived, and nothing to temper the natural confidence of youth.

At eleven he went to the family of his uncle, Thomas Ewing of Lancaster, O., then secretary of the treasury. Here he lived two years, studying books under a tutor, and we can readily believe absorbing a quick sense of the questions then beginning to challenge attention, in the solution of which he was yet to play no inconsequential part.

In the county seat to which his father removed was located Washington College. Here young Blaine was entered at thirteen. Here for four years, in a college of one hundred students, he obtained his education. I love to dwell upon it. The youngest of his class, he graduated second, gaining with ease his lessons, revelling in the new paths of acquisition which opened before him. Compare that faculty with those of the universities to-day. Notice its scanty eight members, five of them devoted to languages and literature, not great men, but their reservoirs of learning sufficed to give large draughts to the hungry student. He absorbed from all, in daily contact, and the taste for reading, for forensic disputation, for the finer things which even a moderate touch with literature brings, all acquired in that little college, never deserted him. He mastered the same problems, parsed and

scanned the same hexameters, read very much the same books, as have so many thousands under similar conditions, who have come out therefrom with a mental stamina and intellectual grasp which have sufficed to overcome all things.

Oh, those small American colleges! Scattered as they have been all over the land, by the zealous determination of individuals, that no greater service could they do the future, or by religious spirit appreciating that without education a Christian State cannot survive, how they have lifted American life. By one, describe all; the scanty number of teachers, poor in goods, rich in enthusiasm; the students, gathered generally from a narrow radius, sons of men in all circumstances, those of small means predominating, but all meeting on an equality; the honest efforts by economy, by teaching, to husband means, a mother's sacrifice at home, the son's conscious growth by absorption, assisted by the friction with others in class room and debating society. A school? No, each a republic, where merit, diligence, high standards must prevail. They made an educated class in a generation, they produced giants from the common people so easily that the phenomenon was unnoticed. Some of our greatest men have reason to love these almost unknown colleges; of each of them some good and true men can say, with Webster, "It is a small college, but there are those who love it."

In 1847, young Blaine graduated from Washington College. He was just seventeen, but the subject of his graduation thesis was "The Duty of an Educated American.' And then, with no capital but a heart equal to any ob-

stacle, he followed the American bent and started out in life for himself. It was the time of the Mexican war; it was the zenith of Henry Clay; the march of events was towards the south-west, not the north-west, and he went with it, to become a teacher in a military school at Blue Lick Spring, Ky. The students were five hundred, the flower of Kentucky in the fairest days of that Commonwealth.

He was only a boy himself, but for three years he held his place. He taught, but he learned more. He became imbued with the popular idolatry for Clay and his political ideas. He saw slavery, which in his Pennsylvania home had been a distant thing, close at hand. He hated it and the stifling effect which it had on the public conscience, even in Kentucky. He could not get on there except by maintaining it. His only recourse was to go. And back, at twenty, he started for Pennsylvania, not alone, but grafted upon his fortunes were those of a girl, also a teacher there, who in the years to follow was to be his best friend, and who was the daughter of staunch folk from Ipswich in our own beloved State.

Back to Pennsylvania he went, to teach and study law, to live modestly, to lay the foundation for success. Is the story commonplace? Yes, for it is so frequently told on our records, and yet each version touches the chords which run through all our biography. And then, in 1854, now twenty-four years old, at the suggestion of those who were near to him, reversing the usual order, he travelled eastward to Maine to become editor of the Whig organ at its capital.

In Maine he planted his home, afterward to be identi-

fied there, but to Maine alone he never belonged. Can we not trace, in the more than thirty years of his public life, a broad view, not limited by narrow confines, too seldom seen in our statesmen? He carried with him a certain exuberance of thought on national lines which reminds the student of the utterances of Clay, and he often appeared for the moment to be out of touch with the immediate sentiment of his own neighbors, though never with that of the great mass of his political associates. In the movements made to secure his nomination for the presidency, he was never a local candidate, but had a following which recognized no limitations of boundaries. For half a generation, living in a small boundary State, he was a recognized national leader, such as no man in our day has been.

In the six years that followed, he was the editor first, conducting a paper devoted to the interests of building up a distinctively anti-slavery party in Maine. He corrected abuses at home, too, notably the inhumanity which then prevailed in the penal and reformatory institutions of his State. At twenty-eight we find him in the State Legislature, and after four years' brilliant service, two of them as speaker, he was chosen to the lower branch of Congress.

Here his great career really began. Here he entered the arena, which from the beginning of the government has been the goal of every young man of promise. With the exception of military service, it is the only basis of an extended public career. Composed of men from all over the country, the cynosure of all eyes, this forum is the one to which all local assemblages but pave the way. To

one already versed in public speech, keen in parliamentary procedure, flushed with ambition, to Blaine, it was the centre of aspiration.

And what a time to enter upon that course! He was elected in the autumn of 1862, when the very skies seemed ominous for the full success of the cause which he had at heart, for he desired not alone the preservation of the Union; he was pledged to its restoration with slavery purged from its system. With that aim for years he had written his weekly message to the people of Maine. To that purpose he was committed as a man and as a representative.

That policy had been foreshadowed in the attitude of his party in anticipation of the elections of 1862, and it had not been favorably received. The great majority which had been favorable to it in the preceding House was reduced to a bare twenty, and during the winter and spring the defeats at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the repulses in Mississippi and Tennessee, seemed to suggest compromise. What a time of waiting to the young man, anxious on the national stage to do his share towards strengthening the cause to which he was devoted. But in the summer came Gettysburg and Vicksburg, the turning day in the war, and when Congress met, the people, on both sides, knew that the time, not the result itself, alone remained in doubt.

That House was no ordinary gathering. Among its new members were Winter Davis and Schenck, Garfield and Allison, Boutwell, Randall and Morrison. Here were formed acquaintances destined to last, as Garfield, Blaine and Allison stood up together, by what seems now a

strange coincidence, to take together their oaths of office. To finish the war, to reconstruct the South, to maintain the public credit, these were pressing. To their solution, modestly, the new member exerted himself, performing also many an act of kindness to those whom he could serve.

Shall I forget only the other day when a townsman, hearing the news of his death, said, "And now I shall never see Mr. Blaine to thank him for my life. When every other application failed, one made to him, simply because I was a Maine soldier, secured attention, release from hospital, a month at home and a return to the army. I have tried many times, in vain, to see him to thank him, and now it is too late."

During these six years in Congress his reputation grew, not rapidly, but steadily. He was relied upon. It was Abraham Lincoln who sent him North in the spring of 1864 to ascertain how deep a root the opposition of the radical section of his party to the president's renomination had taken. It was his speech, on the "Power of the Nation to subdue the Rebellion," that was used with such effect to insure Lincoln's re-election. He drafted the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution, putting into organic law the whole results of the agitation for the enfranchisement of the negro, and the sacredness of the public credit.

He became the champion, and in him that meant much, of the opposition to the plan of many of the leaders of his party to establish in the lately rebellious States a military form of government. He advocated the restoration of the Union, with all the guarantees that legislation could give,

with the States fully restored. He urged the revival of the civic authority, the floating of the flag not as a military but a national emblem, South as well as North. He had caught the spirit of Lincoln, who early foresaw that no system of military rule could long stand in the South.

So Blaine came to be regarded as the national spokesman of the newer school in his party, as distinguished from the senatorial leaders who, by virtue of long continuance in office, their participation in many conflicts and the vast power of patronage accorded under the then existing system, deemed themselves its rightful spokesmen. All of them influential in the political organization of their States, they viewed with rising dislike the crystallizing sentiment that in the courage and eloquence of Blaine must be found the congressional leadership of his party.

Yet such a name had he made, and so closely endeared himself to his associates, that when Congress assembled in 1869, when Grant's famous declaration, "Let us have peace," was in every man's mouth, when the public debt was being reduced and a new era of good-will and prosperity seemed about to dawn, still under forty, he was chosen to the second office of power in the land, chosen without an opponent in his own party, when it included in its ranks Mr. Wheeler, afterwards vice-president, Kelley, McCrary, Garfield, Banks and Dawes.

The six brilliant years that followed need hardly be discussed. Thoroughly in his element, the best parliamentarian since the days of Clay, always courteous, never weak, Speaker Blaine was for half a dozen years the idol of his own side, the model to the opposition. How often

in after life did he refer to this notable experience, when friendships were made never to be effaced, when, unconsciously almost, in the popular mind he was the embodiment of the new era of growth and prosperity which lengthened out before the country.

He was, as his opponents were the first to admit, the model speaker, by temperament, by education, by instinctive love for fair play. And when came the overwhelming reverse of 1874, which for the first time in nearly twenty years gave to the opposition control of the House, he had foreseen it, for his keen insight had detected the reaction which followed the proposition of some of his party to grant permission to suspend the writ of habeas corpus and to enforce martial law in the South.

With the beginning of 1876, no other man than he seemed likely to lead his party as its presidential candidate, and the early events tended to confirm that impression. On the floor again, he led a minority in gallant parliamentary conflict. He gave blows and he received them, but never gave one which was not concededly within the domain of fair political discussion. He dominated that House, though in a minority, till many men felt, though none expressed it, as did Mr. Brown of Kentucky, who rose in his place and asked in anger, "I want to know whether this is the American Congress, or a school in which we are merely pupils of the schoolmaster from Maine!"

And now we come to a painful experience in his life, necessary to be alluded to. Determined to hunt him down and destroy his prestige, men of both parties who desired his overthrow, directly and by covert assistance,

laid his private affairs bare in a series of investigations admittedly for political effect. Every means were employed to discredit him, and every charge he volunteered to meet on the open floor of Congress. Never was a man so followed. To emphasize the motive, the dramatic scenes occurred just as the national convention of his party was coming together. Undaunted by attack, with full confidence in him, his friends from all over the Union even then had made him their standard bearer had not the jealousies engendered in the hearts of other leaders caused them to hit upon the device of presenting favorite sons from the great States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, thus producing an apparent difference, and the selection of another, whose recent death in honor and peace you have appropriately noticed.

Wronged to the quick and with his proud nature hot with indignation, Blaine said nothing. The influence of the reactionary elements in his own party had apparently overthrown him, but he breathed no word of complaint. He awaited with calmness the verdict of his countrymen, and it has come, constantly through all the years, fully in the harmonious words of praise which have been borne 'neath the wintry skies over his new-made grave.

Almost at once, his State sent him to the Senate, there in less boisterous but no less active encounters to maintain his views for the advancement of our people.

Already supported by unnumbered friends for the presidential nomination of 1880, he sought no seclusion and refused to content himself with the utterance of generali-

ties. Outspoken, brave, sometimes defiant, he maintained in the upper branch of our government, too long ruled by precedent and hampered by obsolete procedure, the frank discussion of pressing issues.

In his brief career in the Senate, lasting only four years, a period during which too many men are content to sit idly by and wait, he was in full career as a parliamentary orator. Here it was that he made his great speeches in favor of national sovereignty, assailed among others by no less than the then senator from Connecticut, and in which the power of Blaine as a constitutional debater outshone all others on the floor. Then it was that he took, in the face of what seemed political death, his strong ground against the coinage of any dollar not worth all that the government stamped upon its face. Then he set, in spite of what seemed a local sentiment to the contrary, his influence against the further extension of the vicious Chinese influx, a step long since justified as indispensable in maintaining our labor and morals against that scourge. Then he advocated the principle of encouraging our merchant marine by liberal subsidies, at the expense, if necessary, of a navy without a commerce to defend or a flag in foreign waters to protect. Then, as always and everywhere, he stood for the rights of American labor, in every form, for protection from unfair competition, whether in the form of imported cheap labor or its imported results. A veteran in that cause, identified with its maintenance, he never departed from the cardinal basis that the raising of the standard of American labor alone could justify it. When the day came that, on the crest of a great victory which he had largely contributed to gain, this principle

was to be carried to bounds over-reaching this limitation, he was the first to declare its unwisdom, and to predict the inevitable result. Like the musician's nature, attuned to harmony, his mind reflected the general consensus of American opinion as no other man in our day has done.

Was it his ambition to be identified with any special acts of legislation? No. He helped formulate great public sentiments. His forte was not in provisos or amendments. No matter where he spoke or wrote, his aim was always to reach the masses. Others might wrangle over the dotting of an i or the place for a comma. He aimed to stir the fountain-head of all laws,—the people. He was diligent in legislation, but that was not his notable power. It was as a popular tribune that he rejoiced to enter the arena, knowing that in matters of legislative detail a thousand lieutenants are always at hand to serve a statesman's purpose.

The nominations for 1880 were at hand, and his selection for the presidency seemed as inevitable as in 1876,—only some miracle could stop it. The senatorial interest was again united, not only in opposition to Blaine, but upon a man. No greater name could exist to conjure with than that of Grant. Old-time war memories, personal devotion, the appeal to military claims, were all invoked. It was one man against hero worship, a spontaneous following opposing a trained army. Again, the masses of his party, those who alone could decide the battle at the polls, were overwhelmingly for him. He represented the newer ideals, and once more he went down, almost a victor, against the stolid solidity of his strongest antagonist and the nervous anxiety of a scanty

minority for another compromise. This time, however, the Blaine men nominated for the presidency his friend, associate and admirer, Garfield. For the first time, at last, not in its recognized leader, though in one of his closest friends, the new order of things, strong minded, strong hearted, was to administer the presidency.

Garfield was no new man. He was a statesman of tried purposes and aims. His election to the presidency was the opening of a field of opportunity not only for himself but to the long pent up ideas of statesmanship which had been held in check by the war, and the problems which rose out of it. That administration without Blaine in it and through it would have been a contradiction. How heartily, how loyally both men felt and expressed this in the beginning, through the bright opening, aye, down to Garfield's open grave, is common knowledge to us all.

In those dark days that followed the second assassination, when the nation stood amazed, it was Blaine who, at Washington personally, and in influence everywhere, commanded order. It was Blaine who stood guard over the sufferer, Blaine who cheered the stricken loved ones, Blaine who directed the affairs of government. Nothing too important for him to solve, nothing too small for his attention. And when he knew that the end was at hand, to which a people could not be reconciled, appreciating how necessary it was that the dread tidings should come not unheralded, it was he who tenderly but clearly, in his memorable despatch to Minister Lowell, cast evasion aside and told the world what must happen.

And when all was over, it was he, who, seeing elevated to the chief magistracy, by one of the contradictions of

our system, one who mistakenly had allowed himself to be put in the position of hostility to the dead president, silenced the bursting notes of discord, reached out the right hand of fellowship to the nation's head, and devoted himself to straightening out the dark places of the new administration. Much as Garfield owed to Blaine, Arthur was his greater debtor. That done, he withdrew from public life. Finally, he thought it was to be. With any other man, it might have been thus.

He turned to literary pursuits, creating that review of his own times which must remain an authority on the period with which it deals. He revelled in the luxury of his work. No longer attacked, no longer subject to the demands of official life, for the first time in a quarter of a century, he was free. Free to enjoy the society of wife and children, free to accept as genuine without alloy the applause which everywhere greeted him, for that period demonstrated that, whether in office or out, in the popular mind he was the first in the land.

And then, again, the presidency. His old opponents scattered, himself without official influence, without seeking, he was placed in the field as the candidate of his party. Stung as Garfield had been, and as his opponent was, with a campaign which made men of all parties determined that such another shall never occur again, he maintained through it all such a bearing as rendered victory or defeat alike creditable. Defeated by a handful of votes, which may truly be said to have been the result of old antagonisms, long forgotten by all save those whom he had offended, he was still the popular idol.

During a hostile administration he remained silent,

until the gage of battle was thrown down on lines which he had always combated. Who should take it up, but he? Who could do so? The issue was formed. The organization which he had led to defeat before demanded him again. Its representatives waited anxiously for his consent. It never came. To him the presidency had lost its charm, but the actual, though not the titular leader, he waged the campaign and won success. Once again the secretaryship of State, held by the proudest succession of names this country knows, was his post of duty.

And what a post! In the presidential list even, no greater names are found than those of Webster, Seward, Cass, Clay, Everett and Calhoun.

Twice he held the place, each time as the nominal lieutenant of the man he and his supporters had made president, once to retire in answer to Guiteau's bullet, once when he finally quitted official life. During these two terms he showed in administration the same broad purpose regarding the true position for this country to occupy in the affairs of the world that he had outlined on the forum.

Since the days when Henry Clay, then speaker of the House at Washington, voiced the political interest which the United States must always feel in the prosperity of the Spanish-American republics, followed by his urgent belief, as secretary of State, that our influence should be potent on this hemisphere, a position enunciated by declaration only since, very little has been done in action to materialize the idea. Allied to us by every political sympathy, the Spanish-American republics have been drawn by commercial links to consider Europe as nearest.

European money, European goods, European diplomacy, have made their influence felt along the slopes of the Andes, to our exclusion. Republics in name, but with varying fortunes, the statesmen of these nations have looked in vain for anything more than indifference upon our part.

In the European struggles for liberty against the tyranny of despotism our feeling has been apparent. Those complications have at least aroused our sensitive interest, but what note do we take of Spanish America? Yet how interesting is that continent, with its more than a dozen republics fashioned after ours, its great wealth, its civilization antedating ours, its marvellous history of conquest, subjugation, suppression and revolt, its heroes unnumbered, its aspirations the highest, its history unwritten, the scene of a tragedy lasting through ages, and just now beginning to be felt as a part of our American commonwealths.

The quickened current of interest between us is the present monument of Blaine.

No sooner was he secretary of State under Garfield than he turned his mind thitherward. He announced the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, so far as it recognized the right of European powers to establish any authority over any part of this continent not already in their control. In terms of high praise Geo. Wm. Curtis spoke of it as indicating that "American instinct" which was beneath all of Blaine's public acts. He found Chili and Peru at war, to the probable extermination of the latter, and he interposed to preserve her nationality. To bring the peoples nearer together, he planned for a Peace

Congress of all the American nations at Washington. Three weeks after the invitations were sent out he withdrew from the administration. Its head caused their revocation, and Blaine wrote that famous letter, in which he showed how a closer commercial union between this country and her sister republics could and should be brought about, — a letter which bore its fruit eight years later.

For, after the lapse of two administrations, he came back again to the State department as full of enthusiasm as ever for his great idea, which now, all dream of the presidency being thrust aside, was his absorbing thought. Then came the congress at Washington of all the American republics, followed by a series of treaties which carried into effect his long-cherished views of bringing them into those commercial relations upon which alone all other lasting connections must rest. In the face of European interference he was successful, laying the foundations of a commercial system which has been the hope of our statesmen for half a century, and finally realized by him, so that to-day American lines ply regularly to the ports of South America, though as yet unsustained by that government aid which every other commercial nation pays to strengthen its merchant marine, and of which Blaine, from the beginning to the end, was the faithful advocate.

How temperate, how conservative was his course in charge of our foreign affairs, let the peaceful arbitration and right settlement, we believe, of the Behring Sea, Chilian and Italian complications bear witness! In the latter, his wisdom averted a threatening danger, one which cannot be provided against under the federal system, which

makes the general government responsible abroad for acts which only the State government can avert or punish. And in the case of Chili, where high official influences were clamoring for war, and that too, against a nation which had encouraged the rancor shown toward Blaine because he had endeavored to stay her iron grasp upon Peru, he stood firmly by his position that peace and not war, even under severe provocation, is the true relationship between us and our sister States. His calm judgment prevailed, and our history is not marred by a strife that could not have been glorious, however victorious.

The brilliant statesman of wide-reaching views, seeing far through the clouds which perplex smaller men, of honest enthusiasm and high impulse, is the safest counsellor when storms arise. How general has been the endorsement of Blaine's administration of our foreign affairs, the columns so long filled with criticism of him at length bear abundant testimony. By a striking coincidence, the events which now seem likely to bring under our protection those fair islands, the key to the Pacific, whose future has been for long years an anxious burden upon our diplomacy, were transpiring as the sands of his life were running out, under the direction of his long-time neighbor and business associate, charged with something of the spirit of the man on whom we dwell.

Conscious of his own personal strength with the people, so often with the chief magistracy almost within his grasp, what manner of man must he have been who accepted the lesser part, there to do service for the ideas in which he believed, and to accomplish things for which others claimed the credit, to be misrepresented and

attacked, but to give no expression which may not now be remembered as showing how great a man he was. Surely, none other in our long list of public men ever laid off the harness of strife and bared a bosom with less of uncharitableness and smallness of spirit graven thereon.

He was a great political leader. Outside of Jefferson, Clay, Seward and Blaine, very few names on our annals are of men who, long in public life, have retained a great popular following. Other great ones we have had, for special emergencies, but of admitted political leaders few to whom, whether in office or not, increasing bodies of men have cheerfully paid the allegiance of loyalty. This was remarkably the case with Blaine. His followers were as devoted in California as in Maine, and nothing of defeat or discouragement could check their zeal. From the second year of his congressional term down to the day of his death he was the idol of thousands. In all the political crises of thirty years his utterances were awaited as oracular. It made little difference whether he was in Washington or abroad, in office or in private life, his word was a popular signal. A letter from him printed in the public press was accepted as a final declaration by the most intelligent constituencies. A campaign speech opening a local election in Maine was the key-note to a thousand orators everywhere. Was the party with which he was identified assailed, the people waited for his response. In five successive national conventions of a great political organization, his name was the touchstone. Others might be nominated, but he was always uppermost.

What was the secret of this power, that through a long series of years, in the face of bitter political controversies, maintained this hold upon the masses? Wherever he went, thousands assembled to meet him, and those who had never seen him would sacrifice as much for him as personal friends. He was a great orator, and yet he lacked in the graces of the rhetorician. He made no secret of his political views or his attitude on public questions. He was thought to be wholly immersed in politics, and yet to those who knew him best a score of other interests seemed to crowd upon his mind. He met with skilled lawyers in constitutional debates, and arrested them, he who never had pleaded a cause. As the head of our foreign relations, he jousted with the trained graduates of diplomatic courses, and pierced their armor, — a man who never held a foreign mission or until later life had made a study of international questions.

What then was his power? He had industry, brilliancy of mind, directness of purpose, mastery of himself, a wonderful power of fascination over others. This was his enginery, the underlying motive was his intense love of country, her history, her growth, her future. Patriotism was his passion. Born to the recitals of revolutionary days, grown to strength in the absorbing times when disunion and sectionalism seemed likely to rend us asunder, it was this deep undertone which ran through all his public acts, and concentrated all that sentiment which formed so deep a side of his character.

So, in the midst of an exacting life, he absorbed the story of the nation. By reading, by conversation, by action, he was impregnated with it to every fibre. In

speech and in writing, it seemed to exude from his voice and pen. Woe to the man who crossed swords with him on these lines! In the interval between his two terms as secretary of State, his great comfort was the preparation of his book, nominally a history of his own congressional career, actually a review and analysis of our political history since the sectional division on the slavery question.

Here was the secret of his strength. Without pausing to analyze, the people were satisfied that in his attitudes on public questions he was actuated by the highest national ideas. They found in him a conscious power. He spoke and acted, not for a district and not for a State, but for the great middle class which makes governments and forms public sentiment, and which saw him, with unerring accuracy, taking positions which represented its own convictions. Once taken, he delighted in being their champion. Debate, in the halls of Congress, on the popular forum, in the magazine, this was his element. Embarked, no one could outrank him. He was a great advocate, and those for whose cause he spoke, in turn made him and his cause their own.

We cannot leave him without a word of him personally. From those who knew him well, that memory of the erect figure, the sparkling eye, the wonderful conversation, the cheerful presence, can never fade. In youth, he gained the love of all; in manhood, his friendship, his companionship, were everywhere prized. No matter what the circumstances, he held men to him, and, even when his physical powers waned, that attractiveness last of all faded away. His was a singularly expansive nature. He loved controversy, and yet lost no friends; he was deep

in public affairs, but interested in pictures, in books, in social life, in his domestic concerns. His home was full of light. Nothing could weigh him down, nothing daunt him. Music was dear to him. His soul went out to it. In nothing was he unsympathetic, for he could not be.

Only those who knew him well could appreciate the nature of such a spirit. He exulted in victory, in conflict. The admiration of the multitude was like incense in his nostrils. Fair attack he welcomed, but to be assailed unjustly was to receive the iron in his soul. Who knows or can measure the pain inflicted upon men in public life by assaults which have not lessened public confidence but have shadowed their own happiness? Soon forgotten by all except the assailed, they are seen in their true light when their littleness is compared with the greatness of their target. Yet to nothing did he surrender that proud bearing of mind and body until, with oft-repeated blows, death entered a circle which had never known sorrow, and in a few months sons and daughter, the pride and comfort of his life, were gone. Then and not till then the death light appeared in his eyes. He drew apart from the world's affairs, and set his face toward the barrier behind which his loved ones had passed.

And so the last days came on. The last days of a life filled out with great services, great ambitions, great joys, great sorrows. Not an old man, only sixty-two, the life spark had burned out in its intensity before the Psalmist's limit of strength had yet been reached. Himself for a score of years the acknowledged popular head of a great political organization, he saw it led to an overwhelming disaster; himself the tenderest of parents, within a few

months he had laid three of those dearer to him than life in the grave. There are blows to which Achilles succumbs. The stout heart quailed under such strokes. He knew, if others did not, that his life work was ended, and he awaited calmly the inevitable. Cheerful and courageous as always, considerate of others to the end, he closed the book gently, and looked forward with joy to the expected event. He had established his home in a storm-tossed dwelling, whose walls tingled with many a scene of tragic gloom, almost forgotten in the new life which his presence had brought. It was a fitting place for him to meet the summons. From its open casements his fading vision fell upon the departments of the government, upon the executive mansion, upon the sun-kissed shaft erected in the name of the first president, upon the distant white glintings which spoke to him of the thousands who on the battle field had died for the principles which they and he had loved so well. Who can know what were the thoughts which in those last days filled that mind, the memories of the great era in which he had been so conspicuous, the sweet recollections of those myriads of friends to whom his name and presence had been so dear? How little to him must have seemed the petty things to which he had never stooped; how strong those great ideas of nationality to which he had devoted himself. Office, title, how meagre; the work for peace and unification at home, and honor abroad, how large. In private life, correct; in public affairs, admittedly great; faithful to the religion which he had espoused in youth, generous to all with whom he could not agree, what mattered to him the time when the burden should be laid down, and the veil lifted?

The great and the mighty stood around his grave, but his mourners are numbered among the masses who had learned by faultless intuition that he had touched the chords which vibrate longest in the human heart, the chords of confidence in mankind, hope for the future, the optimism which is reflected to us in many colorings through the open windows of great souls, who

> act and love, a closer link
> Between us and the crowning race
> Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
> On knowledge, under whose command
> Is earth and earth's, and in their hand
> Is Nature like an open book.

APPENDIX.

The House of Representatives on the first day of February, 1893, adopted the following order: —

Ordered, That the House requests the Honorable W. E. BARRETT to deliver before it, and such guests as may be invited, a memorial address upon the late JAMES G. BLAINE.

That this be made the special order for Thursday, February 23, at three o'clock P.M.

That a committee of three be appointed to make proper arrangements therefor, and that the consideration of all resolutions by the House relating to the late JAMES G. BLAINE be postponed until that time.

Messrs. EUGENE M. MORIARTY of Worcester, GEORGE A. GALLOUPE of Beverly and JOHN R. GRAHAM of Quincy were appointed as the committee of arrangements.

On the twenty-third day of February, the governor, lieutenant-governor and council and many distinguished guests being present, Mr. WELLMAN of Malden being in the chair, the House of Representatives proceeded to take up the special order, being the memorial exercises on the late JAMES G. BLAINE.

The following resolution from the Senate was read: —

Resolution on the Death of the Honorable James G. Blaine.

The announcement of the death of JAMES G. BLAINE, at the time a private citizen, but for many years prominent in the councils of State and nation, has touched the hearts of the American people, who for a

generation have looked to him for the expression and support of broad principles of statesmanship calculated to secure our strength in foreign relations, prosperity and domestic good feeling at home. Outspoken and courageous, a man of original conceptions and power of execution, he has been peculiarly admired by the masses of our people, regardless of political lines. As a fitting part of the general expressions of regret and grief at his death, not paralleled in this generation in the case of a private citizen, and in accordance with the feeling of the people of the Commonwealth: —

Be it hereby resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled:

That in the death of JAMES G. BLAINE the nation has lost a statesman of long and brilliant service, who filled many posts of high responsibility not only with devotion to the public interest but with a constant appreciation of the widening demands upon our statesmanship made necessary by the greater position which the United States must assume in the affairs of the world. Not trained in arms or crowned with military honors, his career has demonstrated how much can be done by peaceful means to extend our influence and prestige to the advantage of all our domestic interests. An ardent partisan, he demonstrated amidst the responsibilities of official position that fairness and liberality which make men of all political beliefs unite in paying honest tribute to his memory.

In fitting expression thereof, a copy of this preamble and resolution is directed to be spread upon the journal of each House, and one sent to the family of the deceased, to whom, in the midst of multiplied sorrow, the sympathy of the people of the Commonwealth is respectfully tendered.

The memorial address was then delivered by Mr. BARRETT.

The address being completed, the resolution from the Senate was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

Mr. CHARLES of Boston then offered the following order: —

Ordered, That the thanks of this House be extended to the Honorable WILLIAM E. BARRETT for the address this day delivered by him

in memory of the late JAMES G. BLAINE, — fitly protraying a remarkable career, and giving expression in an adequate and appropriate manner to the sentiments of regard and esteem shared by all men, irrespective of party, for the distinguished statesman and eminent citizen commemorated.

The order was unanimously adopted.

On motion of Mr. GRAHAM of Quincy the House then adjourned.

On the subsequent Wednesday, being March 1, the following motion was adopted by the House of Representatives: —

Moved, That there be printed as a House document 1,500 copies of the Blaine Memorial Address, delivered by the Honorable WILLIAM E. BARRETT before the House of Representatives, February 23, 1893, 900 copies of which to be distributed as provided in Joint Rule 20, the balance to be distributed under the direction of the clerk of the House, and that said copies be bound.

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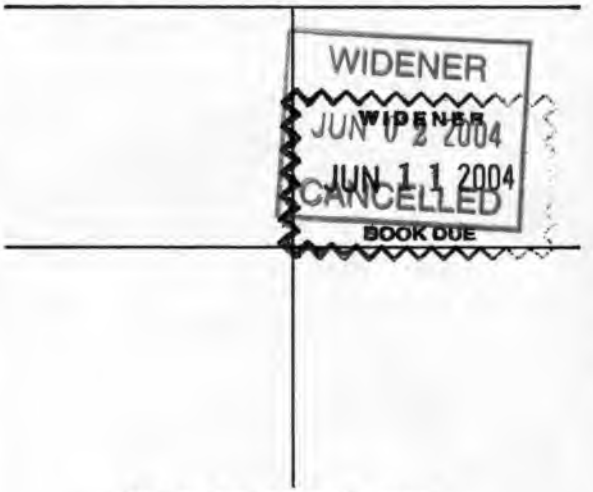

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